

Cœlum Britannicum.

A
MASQUE

AT

WHITE-HALL
IN THE BANQVET-
TING-HOVSE, ON SHROVE-
TUESDAY-NIGHT, THE

18. of February, 1633.

First Edition.

*Non habeo ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit: habeo.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat?*

By Thomas Carew.

LONDON:

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at his Shop neare White-Hall.

1634.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCÆNE.

THe first thing that presented it selfe to the sight, was a rich Ornament, that enclosed the Scæne ; in the upper part of which, were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top ; and in the midst was placed a large compartment composed of Groteske worke, wherein were Harpies with wings and Lions clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches : over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of Children ; and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser Compartment, with this Inscription, *COELVM BRITANNICVM*. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered : First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enriched, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releine, with frutages hanging from the upper-part : At the foot of this late two youths naked, in their naturall colours ; each of these with one arme supported the Vaze ; on the cover of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme ; the one figuring the glory of Princes, and the other Mansuetude : their other armes bore up an Ovall, in which, to the Kings Majesty was this Imprese, A Lion with an Imperiall Crowne on his head ; the word, *Animum sub pectore fortis* : On the other side was the like Composition, but the designt of the Figures varied ; and in the Ovall on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprese to the Queenes Majc-

sty, A Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing out of the Stemme ; the word, *Semper inclita Virtus* : All this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention and various composition was the newest and most gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The Curtaine was watchet and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scæne, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed walls, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilita's and Therme, with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, Coronices and Statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great City of the arcient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines. This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time, when to a loud Musick Mercury descends ; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cocke in action of crowing : his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver ; upon his head a wreath with small falls of white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heeles : being come to the ground he dismounts and goes up to the State,

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
 Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
 Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
 Their willing knees, on whose Imperiall browes
 The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
 To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
 Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts
 That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
 Come I *Cyllenius, Ioves Ambaffadour* :
 Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
 Of wanton love, into the glowing eare
 Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traime ;
 Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd

In heavenly brefts; the gods have sworne by Styx
 Never to tempt yeelding mortality
 To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
 Hath not alone trans fus'd a zealous heat
 Of imitation through your vertuous Court;
 By whose bright blaze your Pallace is become
 The envy'd patterne of this underworld,
 But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
 Th' immortall bosomes burne with emulous fires,
 Jove rivals your great vertues, Royall Sir,
 And Inno, Madam, your attractive graces;
 He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
 She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
 As yours doth here, their great Example spreads.
 And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir'd
 With his new Empire, prone to heats of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries
 On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
 Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beasts,
 And in despight he retransform'd to Stars,
 Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose Strumpets, and their spurious race,
 Where the eternall records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
 When in the Chrystall myrrour of your reigne
 He view'd himselfe, he found his loathsome staines;
 And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, hee'll chace
 Th' infamous lights from their usurped Spheare,
 And drowne in the Lethaean flood, their curs'd
 Both names and memories. In whose vacant roomes
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazeling beames, and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole-starre of this Hemisphære.
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
 And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,

Sits the faire Consort of your heart, and Throne ;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
 Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either sexe ;
 So to the Brittish Stars this lower Globe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
 To'th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish Robe all wrought
 over with ponyards, Serpents tongues, eyes and eares,
 his beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head
 a wreath stukke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the
 forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals, Goodden Cozen *Hermes*, your
 pardon good my Lord Ambassador : I found the ta-
 bles of your Armes and Titles, in every Inne betwixt this
 and *Olympus*, where your present expedition is registred,
 your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety ninth Legation.
 I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few
 Statesmen, it suits not with his dignity that in the whole
 Empyraeum there should not be a god fit to send on these
 honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so care-
 full of his honour as your owne, as might become your
 quality, when you are itinerant : the Hosts upon the high-
 way cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pil-
 fery in your traine ; which, though as you are the god of
 petty Larcinry, you might protect, yet you know it is di-
 rectly against the new orders, and opposes the Reformati-
 on in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue,
 And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can ; in the meane time I will acquaint
 it with my condition. Know (gay people) that though your
 Poëts who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw
 downe any of the Deities from Twelfnight till Shrove

tuesday

tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar entercourse betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities, yet it shall appeare by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable Perlon upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demogorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, The Supreme Theomastix, Hupercrittique of manners, Protonotarie of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator Generall, Vniversall Calumniator, Eternall Plaintiff, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, dores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces or Redoubts, though it bee to the surprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid, in, and at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature, all Counsels, Consultations, and Parliamentary Assemblies, where though I am but a Wooll-sacke god, and have no vote in the sanction of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the belioofe, or prejudice, of *Jupiter* his Crowne and Dignity, for, or against the Rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make *Jove* frowne, *Inno* powt, *Mars* chafe, *Venus* blush, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturne* quake, *Cynthia* pale, *Phæbus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here take his heeles. My recreations are witty mischieves, as when *Saturne* guelt his father; the Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and *Hebe* through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfspace, presented the Embleme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie clifts of Culabria with the Grotta of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine owne feather, old *Peter Arctine*, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit,

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wit, was my Parallel; and *Frank Rublais* suck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French Hospitall of O-ratory, is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke, for though fearing no other tortures than his Sciatica, he discourse of Kings and Queenes with as little reverence as of Groomes and Chambermaids, yet hee wants their fang-teeth, and Scorpions taile; I meane that fellow, who to adde to his stature thinkes it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dogge in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you disturbe
The great Affaire with your rude scurrilous chat:
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne *Joves* soleyme Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more espe-
ciall Commission of employment from *Jupiter*, and a lar-
ger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet as a freeborne
god I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges,
without your passe or countenance Legacie; and that it
may appeare a sedulous acute observer, may know as much
as a dull flegmatique Ambassadour, and weares a treble key
to unlocke the misterious Cyphers of your darke secericies,
I will discourse the politique state of heaven to this trimme
Audience.—

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is disco-
vered a Spheare, with Starres placed in their severall
Images; borne up by a huge naked Figure (onely a
peece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling,
and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying
on his shoulders opprest him, upon his head a Crowne, by
all which he might easily be knowne to be *Atlas*.

— You shall understand, that *Jupiter* upon the inspec-
tion of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as
they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably ghesle
out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities,
hath

hath before a frequent cōvocation of the Superlunary Peers in a tolemne Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies, and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life; and taken his oath on *Junos* Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd booke, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with patheticall remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyed a respective conformity in the severall subordinate Deities ; and because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortall songs celebrated the martyrdome of those Strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to Posterity the Pedigrees of their whores bawds, and bastards ; it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of Constellations be immediately disbanded and casheerd, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cœlesti-all Spirits, and all lustfull influences upon terrestriall bodies; and consequently that there be an Inquisition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and supprese in the moderne and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinences, and punish them in their high Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Statesman thinke you, that can repeat a passage at a Counsell-table thus punctually ?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity
With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods,
Love cannot scape him : well, what else from heaven ?

Mom. Heaven ! Heaven is no more the place it was ;
a cleyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of converted gods,
Love is growne old and fearefull, apprehends a subversion
of his Empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a le-
gall-succession in the legitimate heire, by reposessing the
Titanian line, and hence springs all this innovation. Wee
have had new orders read in the Presence Chamber, by
the

the Vi-President of *Pernassus*, too strict to bee obserued long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on Commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Ideæs confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in *Saturnes Reigne*. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed housekeeping, prohibiting the repaire of Families to the Metropolis, but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of folliciting busynesses in their owne perlons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. *Bacchus* hath commanded all Tavernes to be shut, and no liquor drawne after tenne at night. *Cupid* must goe no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches though of his mothers petticoates. *Ganimede* is forbiddenthe Bedchamber, and must onely minister in publique. The gods must keepe no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber under the age of 25. and those provided of a competent stocke of beard. *Pan* may not pipe, nor *Proteus* joggle, but by especiall permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Sunnes Chariot-wheele and frost-nailing his horses upon the fift of November last, for breach of a penall Statute prohibiting worke upon Holyydayes, that being the annuall celebration of the Gyantomachy. In briefe, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a totall reformation, especially in the poynt of reciprocation of conjugall affection. *Venus* hath confess all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who conſcious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes those levities as an equall counterpoize ; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her Ivory hand his collied cheeke, and with her snowy fingers combing his foxy beard. *Jupiter* too beginnes to learne to lead his owne wife, I left him practising in the milky way ; and there is no doubt of an u- niver-

niversall obedience, where the Lawgiver himselfe in his owne person observes his decrees so punctually ; who besides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his bedchamber dore, and seeling, fretted with starres in capitall letters, engraven the Inscription of *C A R L O - M A R I A*. This is as much I am sure as either your knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State-formality, politique inferences, or suspected Rhetoricall elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of yon heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Ætheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse darke substance ; they are all unrivited from the Spheare, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appeare before you in their owne natu-
rall deformities.

*Merc. Momus thou shalt preuale, for since thy bold
Intrusion hath inverted my resolues,
I must obey necessity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the Thundrers just decree
'Gainst this adulterate Spheare, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters, and mis-shapen formes :
Downe from her azure concave, thus I charme
The Lyrnean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare,
The watchfull Dragon, the storme-boading Whale,
The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorne,
The Snake-heard Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar :
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you suffe
Fresh venome in, measure this happy earth,
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrests, Deserts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.*

*They dance in those monstrous shapes the first An-
timaske of naturall deformity.*

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim playfellowes for the Deities? yet these and their fellowes have made up all our conversation for some thourands of yeeres. Doe not you faire Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallelle with such exa & prportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society. Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frightened your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? but now that thole heavenly Mansions are to be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Virtue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, shee shall not on the instant utterly despaire, if shee carry a sufficient pawne of handsomenesse; for however the letter of the Law runnes, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his Age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it currant with his owne Impression; but to such as are destitute of both, I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed Cozen *Mercury*, what follows?

Merc. Looke up, and marke where the bright Zodiacke Hangs like a Belt about the brest of heaven; On the right shoulder, like a flaming Iewell, His shell, with nine rich Topazes adorn'd, Lord of this Tropique, sits the skalding Crab: He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere His annuall race; his ghastly clawes upreat'd, Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone, The fiery teame, and proudly stops their course, Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learne His backward paces, and to retrograde Poste downe-hill to th' oppole d'Capricorne. Thus I depose him from his laughty Throne; Drop from the Sky, into the briny flood, There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea, But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell

Take humane shapes, and the disorder show
Of thy regressive paces here below.

*The second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde
paces, expressing obliquity in motion.*

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infests the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not beene observed for many Ages to have made any sensible advance: could you but lead the learned squadrons with a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankinde worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with Altars; but that not being the worke of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestiall shapes,
Branded, by Nature, with the Character
And distinct stampe of some peculiar Ill,
Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
I'th bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
I'th timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' adventrous Ship
That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes;
I'th Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the Lion, furious rage;
Vaine Ostentation in *Cassiope*:
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this placee their emblem'd Vices summon,
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is exprest.

*The third Antimasque is danc'd of these severall
vices, expressing the deviation from Virtue.*

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the Proverbe, when you would expresse a riotous Assembly, That hell, but heaven is broke loose : this was an arrant Goale-delivery, all the prisons of your great Cities could not have vomitted more corrupt marter : but Cozen *Cylleus*, in my judgement it is not safe that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this Island, they threatned lesse danger when they were nayl'd to the Firmament : I should conceive it a very discreet course since they are provided of a tall vessell of their owne ready rigg'd, to embarque them all together in that good Ship call'd the Argo, and send them to the plantation in *New-England*, which hath purg'd more virulent humors from the politique body, then *Gnacum* and all the West-Indian druggs have from the naturall bodies of this kingdome : Can you devise how to dispose them better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Aire Where Vertue lives, but will with hasty flight, 'Mongst fogs and vapours, seeke unfound abodes. Fly after them, from your usurped seats, You foule remainders of that viperous brood : Let not a Starre of the luxurious race With his loose blaze staine the skyes chrystall face.

All the Starres are quench'd, and the Spheare darkned.

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the Starres in those figures in the Spheare which they were to represent, were extinct ; so as, by the end of the Antimasques in the Spheare no more Stars were scene.

Mom. Here is a totall Eclipse of the eighth Spheare, which neither *Booker*, *Allestre*, nor any of your Prognosticators, nor their great Master *Tico* were aware of ; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have beeene reserved for Noble uses ; as the *Skalcs* and *Sword* to adorne the statue

statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth onely in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beeene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had beeene most welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Persens* on his *Pegasus*, brandishing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his backe under the horses feet, with *Pythens* dart through his throat, there had beeene a Divine St. George for this Nation : but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests onely that wee provide an immediate succession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaime a free Election,

*O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of Men,*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroyderies, and other manifactnres, wherewith they have embellished their publique Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas hangings of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of 88. is to the eternall glory of this Nation exactly delineated : and whereas We likewise out of a prophetical imitation of this so laudable custome, did for many thousand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our cælestiall Mansion, commonly called the Starre-Chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the Amorous Warfare. It hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation, and long debate, held first in our owne inscrutable holome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy Councill.

Counsell, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our selfe best knowne, to unfurnish and dis-array Our foresaid Starre-Chamber of all those Antient Constellations which have for so many Ages beeene sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such Persons onely as shall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desert, there to shine in indelible Characters of glory to all Posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of Our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and speciaall favour, by these presents to specifie and declare to all Our loving People, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatloever, that conceiveth him or her selfe to be really endued with any Heroicall Vertue or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignety, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and Welbeloved Cozen, and Counsellor, Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Delegates for that affaire, upon whom We have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine without Appeal or Revelation, accordingly as to their wisdomes it shall in such cases appeare behoovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first month, in the first yeare of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thinne white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of gold.

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterraean Fiend, *Plutus*, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a Peyleyn, hid by Providence in the bottome of Seas, and Navill of the Earth, from mans discovery, where if the seeds begunne to sprout above-ground, the excrecence was carefully guarded by Dragons, yet at last by humane curiositie brought

to light, to their owne destruction ; this being the true
Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischieves that
now fill the Vniverse.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in Justice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortall Powers ;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders, who, since I descend
To equall tryall, must by my example,
Waving your favoar, clayme by sole Desert.

If Vertue must inherit, shee's my slave ;
I lead her captive in a golden chaine,
About the world : She takes her Forme and Being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dewes, and fotive heat,
They knew no vegetation ; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding, wither :
Should I proclaime the daily sacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
But human sweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turne but your eyes and marke the busie world,
Climbing steepe Mountaines for the sparkling stone,
Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
And th' Oceans bosome to rake pearly sands,
Crossing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
'Midst Rocks and swallowing Gulfes, for gainfull trade,
And though opposing swords, fire, murdring Canon,
Skaling the walled Towne for precious spoyles :
Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats,
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares

Advance his desperate foot ; yet am I sought,
 And oft in vaine, through these, and greater hazards ;
 I could discover how your Deities
 Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd,
 Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
 Vncover'd, rifled, rob'd, and distarray'd
 By sacrilegious hands : yet is this treasure
 To th' golden Mountaine, where I sit ador'd
 With superstitious solemne rights convay'd,
 And becomes sacred there, the Fordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
 Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heape ;
 But this might draw your anger downe on mortals
 For rendring me the homage due to you :
 Yet what is said may well expresse my power
 Too great for Earth, and onely fit for Heaven.

Now, for you pastime, view the naked root,
 Which in the dirty earth, and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious Plant, and golden fruit.
 You lusty Swaines, that to your grazing flockes
 Pipe amorous Roundelayes ; you toyling Hinds,
 That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teames
 Whistle your passions ; and you mining Moles,
 That in the bowels of your mother-Earth
 Dwell the eternall burthen of her wombe,
 Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
 Sing, dance, and keepe a chearefull holyday.

*They dance the fourth Antimasque consisting
 of Countrey people, musique and measures.*

Merc. *Plutus*, the gods know and confess your power
 Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist ;
 Stronger then Towers of brasle, or Chastity ;
Love knew you when he courted *Danae*,
 And *Cupid* weares you on that Arrowes head
 That still previales. But the gods keepe their Thrones

To enstall Vertue, not her Enemies.
 They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt,
 Witnesle Mount-Ida, where the Martiali Maid,
 And frowning *Juno*, did to mortall eyes
 Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies shew,
 Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.
 But since with toyle from undiscover'd Worlds
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breathe
 The thirst of Empire, into Regall brests,
 And frightedst quiet Peace from her meeke Throne,
 Filling the World with tumult, blood, and warre,
 Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
 And be the Conqu'rs slave, but he that can
 Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertues stampc,
 Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a Co-Judge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either raile at you, or breake jests upon you, but I rather chuse to loose a word of good couisell, and entreat you to bee more carefull in your choyce of company, for you are alwayes found either with Misers, that not use you at all ; or with fooles, that know not how to use you wel: be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and so you shall gaine such credit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with better successe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man ; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall Motley, unlesse hee recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Pania enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury, her Robe was of a darke color full of patches,

about one of her hands was tied a chaine of Iron, to
which was fastned a weighty stone, which shee bore up
under her arme.

Tania enters.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other, they move like two
Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another ; if Riches
depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortall Powers,)
But that the place, your wisedome hath deny'd
My foe, your Justice will conferre on me ;
Since that which renders him incapable,
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
Even in these rags, a larger Soverainty
Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast ;
For marke how few they are that share the World ;
The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects,
They take my wages, weare my Livery :
Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-spring ;
As many mischieves issue from my wombe,
And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
Oft o're his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When 'midst his heapes of coyne, and hilts of gold,
I pine, and starve the avaritious Foole,
But I decline those titles, and lay clayme
To heaven, by right of Diuine contemplation ;
Shee is my Darling, I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargaines, acccounts,
Leases, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of the eyes,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calme repose,
And with her, all the Vertues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.
For entertainment of this howre, I'll call

A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven; for so
To chaine the winds up, or keepe backe the stormes,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayle
To thresh the unreap'd care ; but to all weathers,
Both chilling frost, and skalding Sunne, expose
Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
Marke, and foretell happy events of Love.

*They dance the fifth Antimaske of
Gypsies.*

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetuall con-
versation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you
with no more Logicke, or that you shoulde thinke to im-
pose upon us so grosse an inference, as because *Plutus* and
you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denied of the
one, must be true of the other ; as if it should follow of ne-
cessity, because he is not *Jupiter*, you ate. No, I give you
to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then
to swallow such a fallacie, for though you two cannot bee
together in one place, yet there are many places that may
be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither
of you are likely to arrive : therefore let me advise you to
marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage Apothegms,
and goodly morall Sentences in dispraise of Riches, and
contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poore needy wretch,
To claime a station in the Firmament,
Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub
Nurseth some lazie or Pedantique virtue
In the cheape Sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-hearbs ; where thy rigid hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Upon whose stockes faire blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,

And Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.
 We not require the dull society
 Of your necessitated Temperance,
 Or that unnaturall stupidity
 That knowes nor joy nor sorrow ; nor your forc'd
 Falsly exalted passive Fortitude
 Above the active : This low abject brood,
 That fix their seats in mediocrity,
 Become your servile minds ; but we advance
 Such vertues onely as admit excesse,
 Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
 All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
 That knowes no bound, and that Heroicke vertue
 For which Antiquity hath left no name,
 But patternes onely, such as *Hercules*,
Achilles, *Thesēus*. Backe, to thy loath'd cell,
 And when thou seest the new enlightened Spheare,
 Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tiche, enters, her head bald behinde, and one great
 locke before, wings at her shoulders, and in her hand
 a wheele, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her gar-
 ment wrought all over with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes,
 and such other things as expresse both her greatest and
 smalleſt gifts.

Mom. See where Dame *Fortune* comes, you may know
 her by her wheele, and that vaile over eyes, with which
 ſhe hopes like a ſeeld Pigeon to mount above the Clouds,
 and pearch in the eighth Spheare : listen, ſhe begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
 By which Antiquity assign'd my Deitie,
 Though no peculiar station 'mongſt the Stars,
 Yet generall power to rule their influence,
 Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd *Jove*,

Since

Since you have cancell'd all those old records ;
 But confident in my good cause and merit,
 Clai'me a succession in the vacant Orbe.
 For since *Astrea* fled to heaven, I sit
 Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her skales
 And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
 Because themselves want eyes to see my causes,
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my workes surpassee
 The shallow fathom of their human reason ;
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispence
 With my impartiall hands, their constant lots,
 And if desertlesle, impious men engrosse
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
 That scant your graces to mortalitie,
 And niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
 One vertuous, for a thousand wicked men.
 It is no error to conferre dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man ;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice,
 Make you men good, and I'le make good men happy.
 That *Plyntus* is refus'd, dismaies me not,
 He is my Drudge, and the exterrall pompe,
 In which he deckes the World, proceeds from me,
 Not him ; like Harmony, that not resides
 In strings, or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
 The revolutions of Empires, States,
 Scepters, and Crownes, are but my game and sport,
 Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
 So those depend upon my turning wheele.
 You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joyn'd,
 Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
 Preuent the modell of that martiall frame,
 By which, when Crownes are stak'd, I rule the game.

*They dance the sixth Antimaske, being
 the representation of a Battell.*

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*,
for preferring a scandalous cro'l-bill of recrimination a-
gainst the gods, but your blindnesse shall excuse you. Alas!
what would it advantage you, if vertue were as univerlall
as vice is? it would onely follow, that as the world now
exclaines upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then
raile as fast at you for depressing the vertuous; so they
would still keep their tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrap'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the darke
The groping world first found thy Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come,
Are always present, thou dost disappare,
Loest thy being, and art not all.
Be thou then onely a deluding Phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles;
Who, would they but survay their mutuall wants,
And helpe each other, there were left no roome
For thy vaine ayd. Wisdome, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mockes thy futile power.
Industrious labour drags thee by the lockes,
Bound to his toyling Car, and not attending
Till thou dispence, reaches his owne reward.
Onely the lazy sluggard yawning lyes
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dolc,
And lickes the easie hand that feeds his sloth.
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his mis-guided actions, on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seeke those Ideots out
That thy fantastike god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face,
in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold, her
Temples crown'd with a garland of Roses, and over that a
Rainbow circling her headdowne to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady *Hedone*, a merry gamester, this people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (eqnall Judges) here alleag'd
By the dismift Pretenders, all concurre
To strengthen my just title to the Spheare.

Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchase Pleasure ;
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace ;
They for my sake, I for mine owne am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is, I am the Gole,

The journeyes end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied Nature travells. For this, the best
And wisest sect of all Philosophers,
Made me the seat of supreme happiness.

And though some, more austere, upon my ruines,
Did to the prejudice of Nature, raise
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.

Had they beene Princees borne, themselves had prov'd
Of all mankind the most luxurios.

For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite

Suck'd and devoar'd : from offices of State,

From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
Retir'd, the churlish Cynicke in his Tub

Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.

Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods ;

My necessary offices preserve

Each single man, and propogate the kind.

Then am I univerfall as the light,

Or common Ayre we breathe ; and since I am,
The generall desire of all mankinde,
Civill Felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choyeest pleasures beare,
When for the short delight of a poore draught
Of cheape cold water, great *Lysimachus*,
Rendred himselfe slave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my severall objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every senfe a proper constellation ;
But I present their Persons to your eyes.

Come forth my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charme the eare with moving Harmonie.

*They dance the seventh Antimaskes of
the five Senses.*

Merc. Bewitching Syren, gilded rotteness,
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside, and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyson lunkes.
Within, a thousand sorowes dance the round ;
And like a shell, Paine circles thee without,
Griefe is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes ginne tow'rds their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy selfe art Paine,
Greedy, intense Desire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce Appetite, oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread ; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end,
Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets ;
Yet thy *Cyrean* charmes transforme the world.
Captaines, that have resisted warre and death,
Nations, that over Fortune have triumph'd,

Are

Are by thy Magicke made effeminate?
 Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
 Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
 Thou were the Author of the first excesse
 That drew this reformation on the gods. (have
 Canst thou then dreame, thofe Powers, that from heaven
 Banish'd th' effect, will there enthronē th' cause?
 To thy voluptuous Denne, flye Witch, from hence,
 There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concurre, and am growne so weary of these tedious pleadings, as I'le packe up too and be gone: Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pressing hither, I'le step 'em, take their petitions and preferre 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and no body bid mee welcome; so I'le depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no bodie farewell!

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd arguments,
 Urge vaine pretences, whilst your Actions plead,
 And with a silent importunity
 Awake the drousie Justice of the gods
 To Crowne your deeds with immortality.
 The growing Titles of your Ancestors,
 These Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stocke
 Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare
 Reflexe they take from th' imitation
 Of your fam'd Court, make Honors storie full,
 And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
 Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
 Wading through streames of blood, sweats to aspire,
 Those antient Worthies of these famous Isles,
 That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes
 Shall straight appeare, where you shall see your self:
 Circled with moderne Heroes, who shall be
 In Act, what-ever elder times can boast,
 Noble, or Great; as they in Prophesie
 Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
 The sacred hand of bright Eternitie

(20)

Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare,
To you, your Royall halfe, to them shee'll joyne
Such of this traine, as with industrious steps
In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequall paces, follow you.
This is decreed by *Love*, which my retурne
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
And old Abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, antient, wild Inhabitants,
That breath'd this Ayre, and prest this flowery Earth,
Come from those shades where dwells eternall night,
And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Spheare vanisheth, and a new Scæne appears of mountaines, whose eminent height exceed the Clouds which past beneath them, the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimasque of Picts, the naturall Inhabitants of this Isle, antient Scots and Irish, these dance a Perica or Marshall dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge mountaine that covered all the Scæne; the under-part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing: about the middle part of this Mountaine were seated the three kingdomes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; all richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the severall Nations, with Crownes on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the kingdomes they represented: At a distance above these sat a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his faire haire an Olive garland with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdomes.

The first Song.

GENIVS.

Raise from thesee rockie cliffs, your heads,
 Brave Sonnes, and see where Glory spreads,
 Her glittering wings, where Majestie
 Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye,
 Diffusive joy, where Good and Faire,
 United sit in Honours chayre.

Call forth your aged Priests, and chrystall stremes,
 Towarise their hearts, and waves in these bright beames,

KING DOMES.

1. From your consecrated woods,
 Holy Druids. 2. Silver floods,
 From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forsake your bowers
1. Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,
 Deck'd with flags and fedgie sheaves,
 And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
 What doe your duller eyes survay?

CHORVS of DRVIDS and RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
 A Sun appeare, and yet a bright
 Noonday, springing from Starre-light.

GENIVS.

Looke up, and see the darkned Spheare
 Depriv'd of light, her eyes shine there;

CHORVS.

These are more sparkling then those were,

KING DOMES.

1. These shed a nobler influence,
2. These by a pure intelligence
 Of more transcendent Virtue move,
3. These first feele, then kindle love.
1. 2. From the bosomes they inspire,
 These receive a murnall fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure returne,

These can quench as well as burne.

GENIVS.

Here the faire victorious eyes
Make Worth onely Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
Bout the heart loves amourous chaine,
Captives triumph, Vassals reigne,
And none live here but the slaine.

CHORVS.

These are tb' Hesperian bowers, whose faire trees bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon neare.

GENIVS.

Then, from your impris'ning wombe,
Which is the cradle and the tombe.
Of British Worthies (fa. resonnes) send
A troope of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe frufts of love.

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. Open thy stony entrailes wide,
And breake old Atlas, that the pride
Of threem fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.

CHORVS.

Pace forth thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for onely thou, and these,
May revell here, in Loves Hesperides.

At this the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a Cave are scene to come the Masquers, richly attired like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with silver, their antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noblemens sonnes bearing Torches of Virgin-wax, these were apparelled after the old British fashion in white Coats, embroydered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square coller'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them; first these dance with their lights in their hands : After which, the Masquers,

Masquers descend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent, which comming softly downewards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is seene ; and then rising againe with a gentle motion beares up the Genius of the three kingdomes, and being past the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seene : At that instant the Rocke with the three kingdomes on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The second Song.

KING DOMES.

1. **H**Ere are shapes form'd fit for heaven,
2. **T**hese move gracefully and even,
3. **H**ere the Ayre and paces meet
So just, as if the skilfull feet
Had strucke the Vials. 1. 2. 3. So the Ear
Might the tunefull footing heare.

CHORVS.

And had the Musick silent beeene,
The eye a moving tune had seene.

GENIVS.

These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and governe Destinie,
Love is tempring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And helpe the Worke.

KING DOMES.

1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,

But rendring what it takes away.
Why shold they that here can move,
So well be ever fix'd above?
CHORVS.
Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide.

GENIVS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggar the Earth, their Fame shall flye
From hence alone, and in the Spheare
Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMES.

I. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the marke?

GENIVS.

Did not the River,

Eridanus, the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in stremes of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMES

I. 2. 3. But shall not wee, now thou art gone
Who wert our Nature, wither,
Or breake that triple Vnion
Which thy soule held together?

GENIVS.

In Concord's pure immortall spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active Vertue bring
At my returne. Adieu.

KINGDOMES Adieu. **CHORVS** Adieu!

The Masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the Scene againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious garden with severall walkes and per-terra's set round with low trees, and on the sides against these

these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the farthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Tarraces planted with Cyppresse trees, and all this together was composed of such Ornamentes as might expresse a Princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the roome, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

By the *Chorus* going up to the Queen.

VHilst thus the darlings of the Gods
From Honours Temple, to the Shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Loue, me guide, let thy Divine
Aspects (Bright Desy) with faire
And Halcyon beames, becalme the Ayre.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himselfe (great Queen) to you.
You'll soone disererne him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beuty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, Warr's seat,
Your peacefull pledges of warme snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves knownne language, tales of woe;
Say, in soft whisvers of the Palme,
As Eyes shot darts, so Lips shed Balme.

Far though you seeme like Captives, lid
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conquerors necke you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey.
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majesty seated under the State by the Queene; for Conclusion to this Masque there appeares comming forth from one of the fides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud, which arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scene. Out of the further part of the heaven beginnes to breake forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered there appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and Wisdome. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head and bearing in her hand a Palme. Wisdome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and *Apollo's* Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud sate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of stickes bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head: Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield, and on it a *Medusa's* head; upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lanee. Reputation, a young man in purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud beganne to breake open, out of which stroke beames of light; in the midst suspended in the Ayre, sate Eternity on a Globe, his Garment was long of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his taile in his mouth. In the firmament about him, was a troope of fifteene starres, expressing the stellifying of our British Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured

his Majesty. And in the lower part was seene a farre off
the prospect of Windsor Castell, the famous seat of the
most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homonoia,
Dicaarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITIE.

BE fix'd you rapid Orbes, that beare
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepit Spheare growne darke and cold ;
Nor did Iove quench her fires, these bright
Flames, have esclips'd her fallen light :
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still ;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale, the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor doe their Actions, from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their owne pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHES.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seemes Empire to obey.

EVPHEMIA.

*And their faire Fame, like incense burl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.*

SO. WISDOME. AL. TRUTH. EVS. Pure Adoration.
HO. CONCORD. DI. RULE. EVP. Cleare Reputation,

CHORVS.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

CHORVS.

Wisdome, Truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

*Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aspir'd,
Where faire Desert, and Honour meet,
Here, from the toyling Presse retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing Evill,
For ever in my Temple revell.*

*With wreathes of Starres circled about,
Guild all the spacious Firmament,
And smiling on the panting Routs
That labour in the steepe ascent,
With your restlesse influence guide
Of human change th' incertainte tide.*

EVS. ALE. SOP.

*But oh you Royall Turtles, shed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruit: of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of Love.*

CHORVS.

*which no Power can but yours dispence,
Since you the patterne beare from hence.*

HOM. DIC. EVP.

*Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse Succession,
Scepters shall bud, and Lawrels blow
'Bout their Immortall Throne.*

CHORVS.

*Propitious Starres shall crowne each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The Song ended, the two Clouds, with the persons sitting on them, ascend ; the great Cloud closeth againe, and so pasleth away overthwart the Scene ; leaving behind it nothing but a firene Skye. After which, the Masquers dance their last dance, and the Curtaine was let fall.

The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

*Duke of Lenox.
Earle of Devonslaire.
Earle of Holland.
Earle of Newport.
Earle of Elgin.
Viscount Grandeson.
Lord Rich.*

*Lord Feilding.
Lord Digby.
Lord Dungarvin.
Lord Dunluce.
Lord Wharton,
Lord Paget.
Lord Saltinc.*

The names of the young Lords and Noblemens Sonnes.

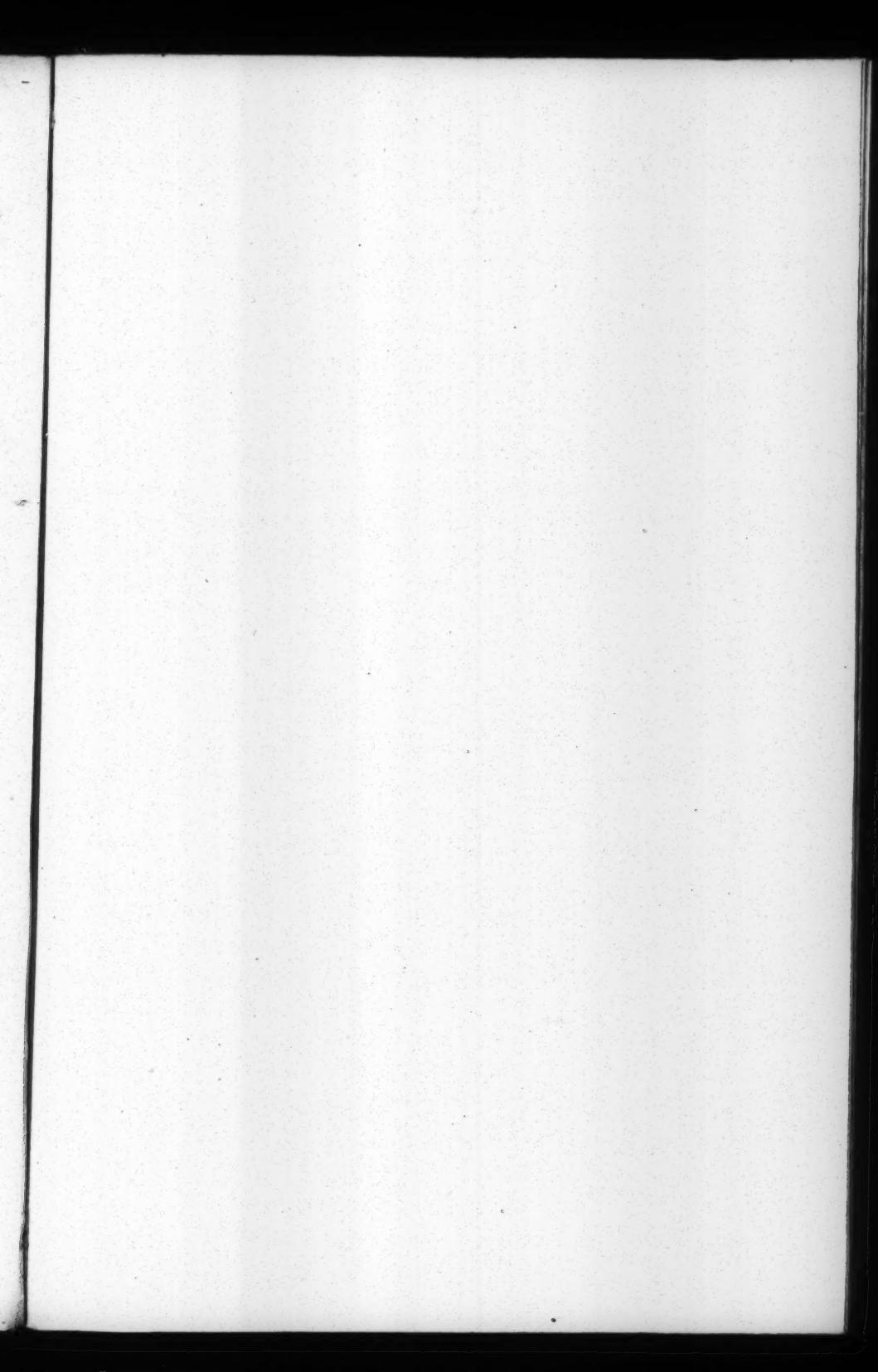
*Lord Walden.
Lord Cranborne,
Lord Brackley.
Lord Shandes.
Mr. William Herbert.*

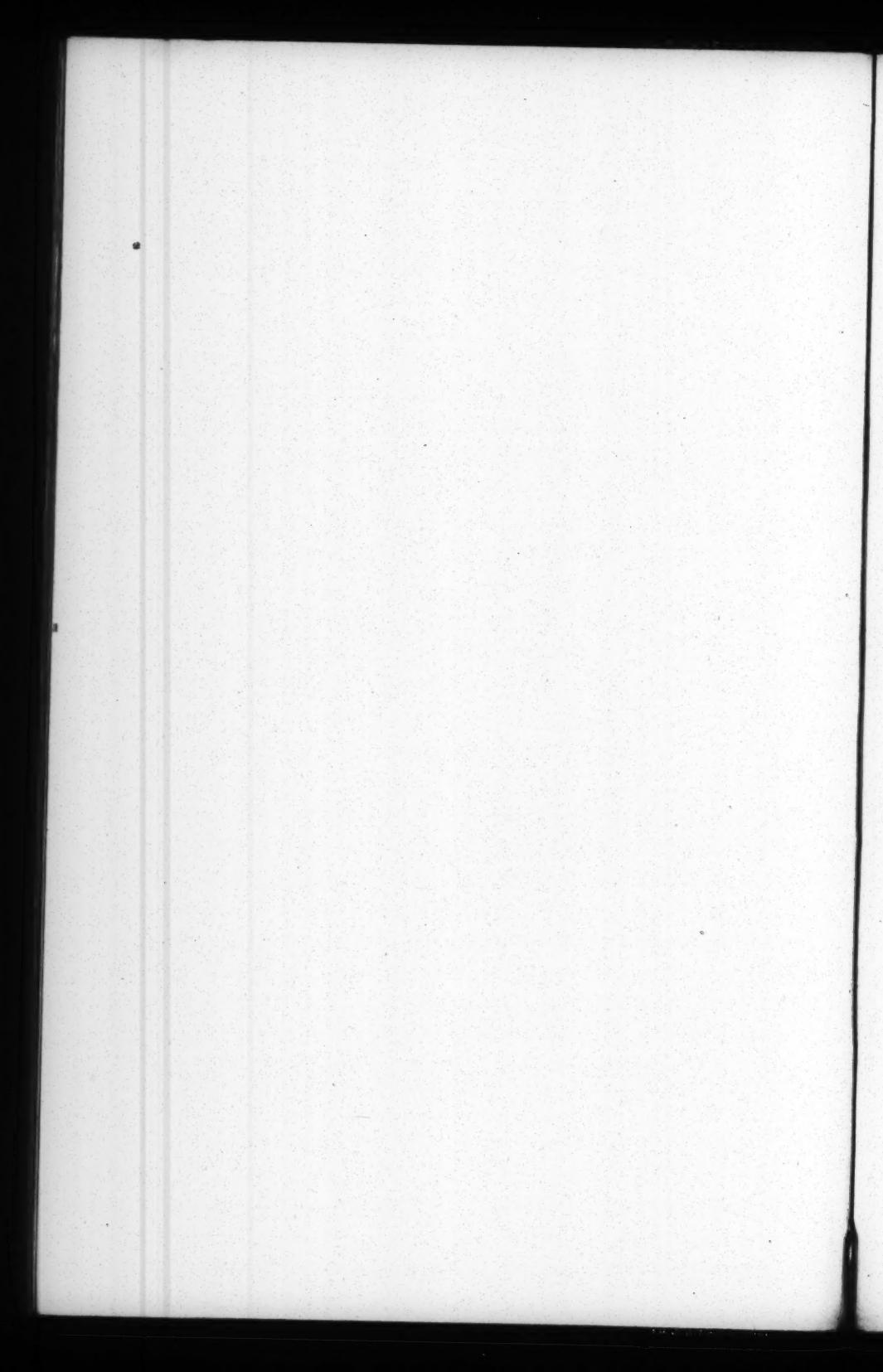
*Mr. Thomas Howard.
Mr. Thomas Egerton,
Mr. Charles Cavendish,
Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Henry Spencer.*

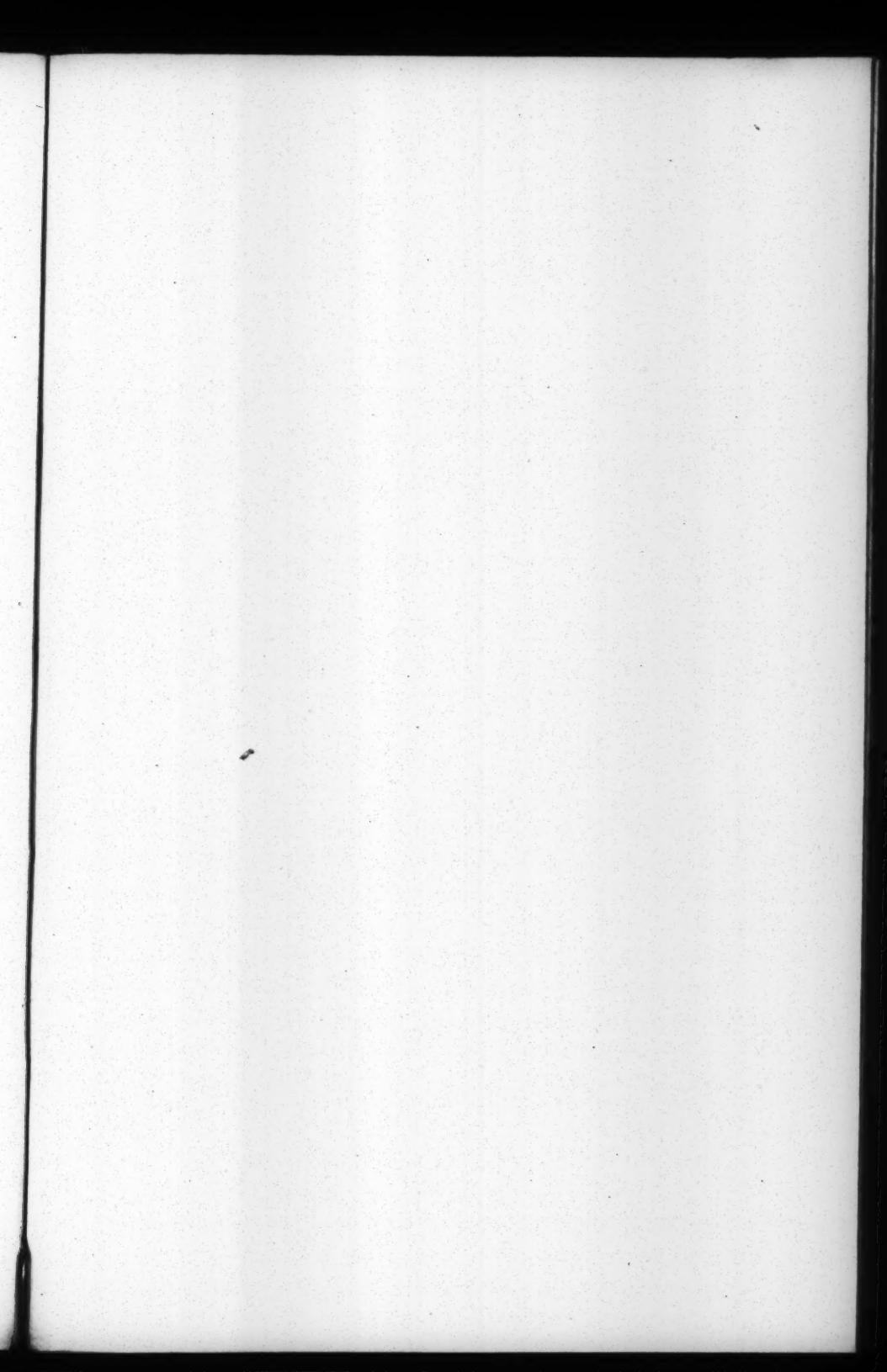
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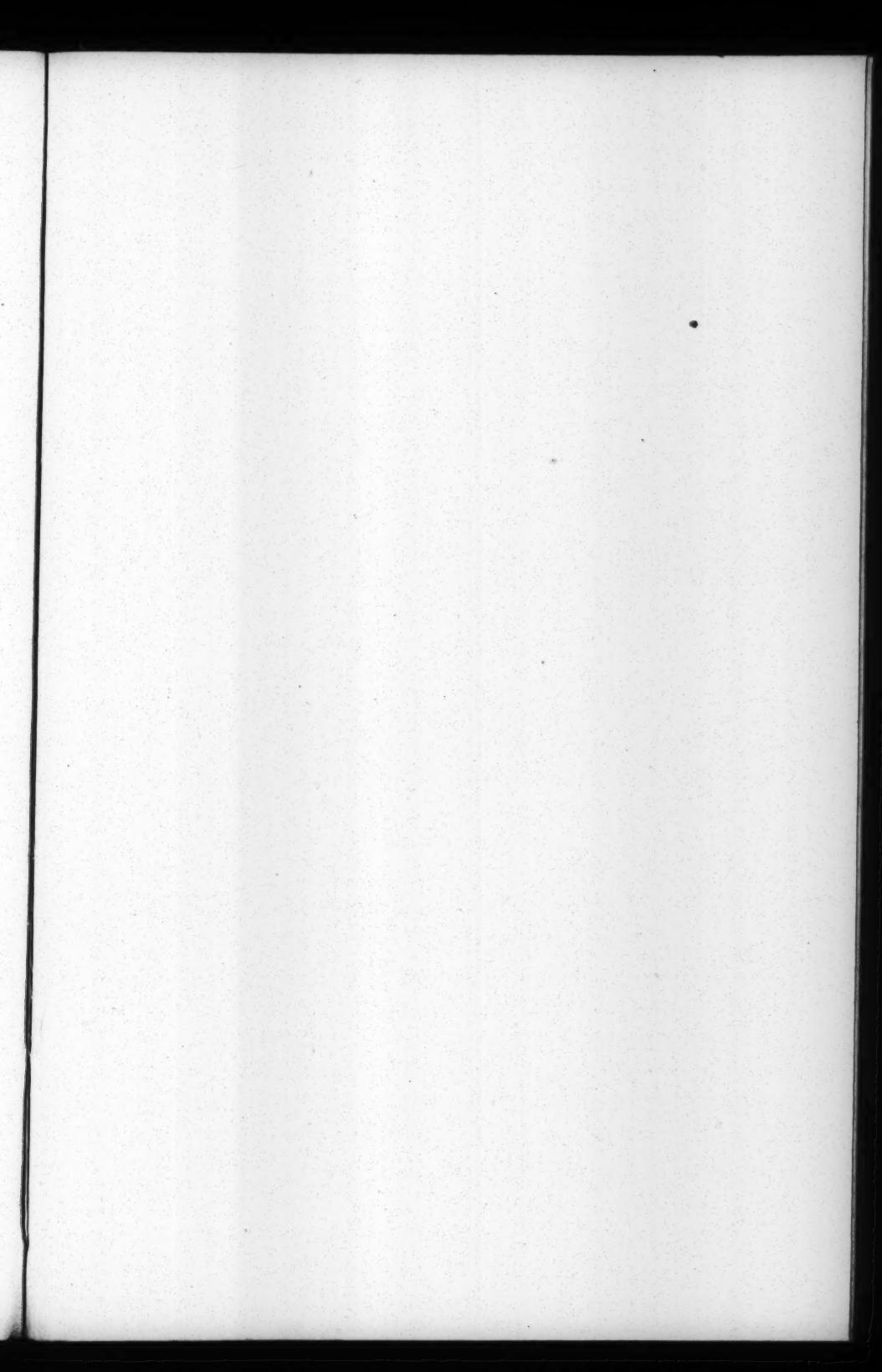
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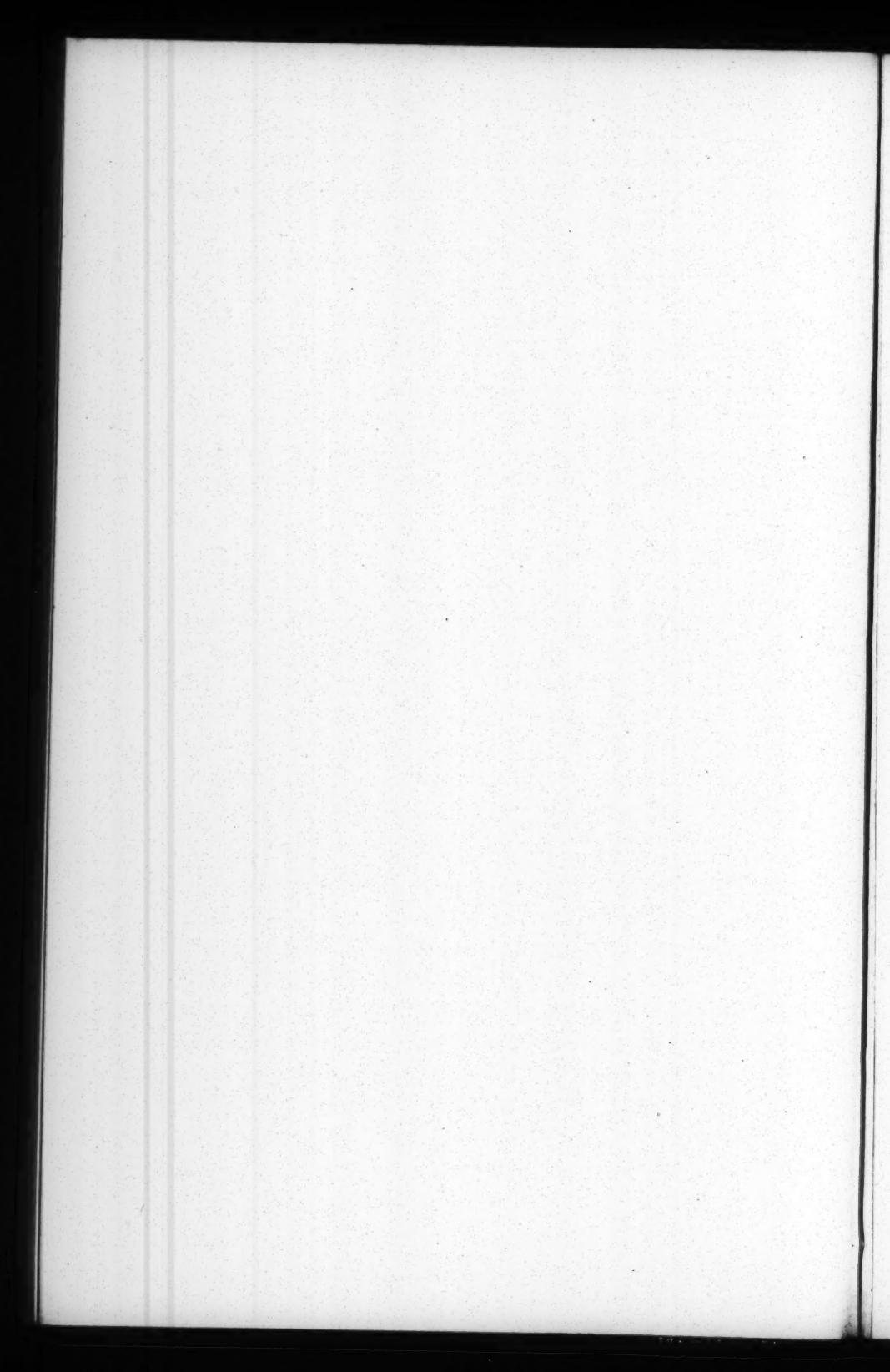












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